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THE

COQUE T.

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THE
COQUET.

A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT;

SUNG AT
MARYBONE GARDENS;

Translated from the Italian of

SIGNOR GOLDONI,

And adapted to the original Music of

SIGNOR GALUPPI,

By Mr STEPHEN STORACE.

LONDON:

Printed for C. D. PIGUENIT in *Norris-Street*.

MDCCLXXI.

4 21

C O U N T

THE

WARRIOR

SIGNS



U. M. S. I. S. T. O. R. I. C. A. L.

L O N D O N

PRINTED BY

MILLAR

ADVERTISEMENT.

THe kind indulgence *La Serva Padrona* has received from the publick, has encourag'd me to attempt the *Coquet*; hoping that it will meet with the same kindness! The scene, I have imitated from a comic opera of Goldoni, which was set to music by Signor Galuppi: I have added a few more pieces from Piccini, and Pergolesi, which I hope will not be disagreeable to the audience. In this entertainment I have studied, as much as possible, to preserve the meaning of the composer, as well as the comic expressions of the drama; I hope the attempts will not be disagreeable to an English audience.

Those who understand musical compositions, and the nature of such an undertaking, will be sensible of the difficulty

culty of finding such English words as would not prove too stubborn for music, originally adapted to the Italian language, particularly when the musical expression is adapted to such and such words peculiar to the Italian language, as can not admit of a literal translation ; this, it is hoped, will obviate any critical censure against a design where nor so much an elegance of stile, as a fitness of syllables was requisite.

As I am a foreigner, I hope for the indulgence of the candid public, for many inaccuracies in the following performance, and flatter myself there is some degree of merit, in attempting to shew, that the English language is not altogether incompatible with Italian harmony, and expression.

SECRET, 4 Feb.

Answer: 4 plus 4 equals 8

ROBERT A. COOPER.

RECEIVED

Barrow, Alaska

ZERRINO, *A Fop.*

ARPONE, *A plain Citizen.*

ROSALBA, *A Coquet.*

BETTINA, *A Chamber-maid.*

BIRBONE, *Mute.*



THE
COQUET.

PART the FIRST.

Rosalba, *sitting at her Toilet.*

Bettina, *waiting on her.*

RECITATIVE.

BETTINA.

O Ma'am! I think this patch plac'd here
Will strike your lovers dumb with admiration.

ROSALBA.

Yes—yes, 'twill have a very good effect,
Your taste is delicate indeed, Bettina.

B

BET-

THE COQUET.

BETTINA.

Oh, ma'am! you look so enchantingly to day!
 Pray give me leave to place this crescent here.
 Look, madam, in the glass!

ROSALBA.

Yes—mighty well—

BETTINA.

Can any man withstand such matchless charms?

A I R.

You, my lady, look so charming
 All beholders hearts you'll gain;
 Lovers breasts each glance alarming!
 Shall delight to wear your chain.
[Knocking within.]

RECITATIVE.

ROSALBA.

See who is there.
 This flower is better here.

BETTINA.

Two servants in different liveries
 Have brought these Letters for your Ladyship.

Ro-

ROSALBA.

I guess from whom they come. [Reads.

Most beautiful Rosalba—charming man!

Sweet as the rose, and as the lilly fair—

Incomparable!—*restless nights—poor man!*

Your dying Slave, Zerbino.

Were I disposed to marry—I don't know, but—

No—he's too much enamour'd of himself;

Too general a lover—What says this?

Madam, excuse the bluntness—blunt indeed!

My life and fortune are at your command—

That's pretty well—*yours ever, Arpone.*

How opposite are these in character!

One grave, the other gay; both very rich.

They will be here anon: what shall I do?

Marry?—no, no! I have a better scheme.

A I R.

Like lawyers, and physicians,

Let women mind their fees;

Like able politicians,

Dependant suitors squeeze.

When promises we make 'em,

Like them we mean to break 'em;

And when their purse is drained,

We have our purpose gained;

B 2

Then

THE COQUET.

Then with crying, and sniv'ling
 With sighing and driv'ling
 They wonder how we could deceive 'em.
[Knocking without.]

RECITATIVE.

ROSALBA.

See who is there——this must be one.

ZERBINO.

O lovely, most adorable Rosalba,
 Permit the humblest of your vassals, thus
 Prostrate, to kiss that lily hand divine.

ROSALBA.

O fir! your compliments confound me quite.

ZERBINO.

Brightest of angels, fair creation's boast——

ROSALBA.

Pray, fir, forbear, or you will drive me hence.

ZERBINO.

O, strike me comical——that must not be,
 I will abate the ardour of expression.

Ro-

THE COQUET.

65

ROSALBA.

Signor Zerbino, tell me, what's the news?

ZERBINO.

The news, my charmer! [Takes snuff.

Yes, there is some news;

There is an *Influenza*, that infects

Ladies of fashion, after they are married.

ROSALBA.

An *Influenza*!— what is that?—explain—

ZERBINO.

Oh, ma'am!— 'tis— 'tis gallantry I mean.

ROSALBA.

Pray sir, forbear, nor scandalize our sex.

ZERBINO.

Ma'am, strike me comical, I think they're right.

ROSALBA.

Signor, you've got a very pretty ring—

Pray give me leave to see it—

ZER-

THE COQUET.

ZERBINO.

A trifle, madam, a meer bagatelle.

ROSALBA.

'Tis fine indeed, and fits me very well.

ZERBINO.

Dear angel, honour it by your acceptance.

A I R.

Were I possess'd of Peru's coast,
 All gems that India's soil can boast,
 I'd offer all the glitt'ring stores
 To her my raptur'd heart adores ;
 And think the purchase cheaply gain'd
 If I one gracious smile attain'd.

RECITATIVE.

ROSALBA.

You are the very essence of politeness,
 And very quintessence of compliments.

ZERBINO.

Adorable Rosalba——

BET-

THE COQUET.

7

BETTINA.

Madam, there is a gentleman without
Attends on your commands.

ROSALBA.

Wait on him in. You'll much oblige me, fir,
If you'll retire into the inner room

ZERBINO.

Brightest of seraphs, I am all obedience.

ROSALBA.

Now for the other.

ARPONE.

Madam, I know not if I'm welcome here,
But hope my business will apologise.—

ROSALBA.

Why, Signor Arpone, so very grave?

ARPONE.

Few words they say are best, if to the purpose;
I mean what I say, say always what I mean.

I love

6 THE COQUET.

I love you, madam ; if you can love me
Let's not stand shilly-shally but proceed—

ROSALBA.

Proceed ! to what ?

ARPONE.

To fix the day of marriage.

ROSALBA.

Marriage without some courtship is insipid.
You first must learn the art of making love.

ARPONE.

Good madam, will it please you to instruct me ?

ROSALBA.

I cannot now ; another time I may.
Strive how to please and I'll not be ungrateful.

ARPONE.

With pleasure I obey.

A I R.

THE COQUET.

9

AIR.

A plain man in me you'll find,
I always speak my mind;
My honest upright heart,
Cannot from truth depart.
No art to colour wrong,
No falshood on my tongue;
My words you may believe,
I never could deceive.

RECITATIVE.

ROSALBA.

Well, sir, perhaps in time you may improve.
Signor Zerbino! why this bold intrusion?

[Enter Zerb.]

ZERBINO.

Strike me comical! my simp'ring deity,
I could no longer bear your absence.
What oddity, my charmer, have we here?

ROSALBA.

Sir, don't be scurrilous.

ZERBINO.

I can't restrain my risibility: ha! ha!

C

ARR-

ARPONE.

What does that filly flutt'ring coxcomb mean?
 Madam, I do not understand this treatment;
 Can you encourage such a——

ROSALBA.

Never mind him.

ZERBINO.

Not mind me, ma'am!—you quite astonish me!

ARPONE.

This vain conceited fool——

ROSALBA.

Forbear, I say; have you forgot your duty?
 D'ye think I'll suffer such behaviour here?

A I R.

Bold, presuming, wrangling lovers,
 Think not thus to gain my heart;
 Soft respect alone discovers
 That you feel Love's keenest dart.

Let me see you humbly lying
 Captives of my conqu'ring eyes;
 Weeping

THE COQUET,

11

Weeping, fighting, fainting, dying,
Such submission may suffice.

Learn the ardent lover's duty
Give the trophies due to beauty.

[Exit.

RECITATIVE.

ZERBINO.

What paltry boor is this?

ARPONE.

Does this become you, sir?

ZERBINO.

Permit me, sir, to ask one civil question?
Are you a Hottentot, or an Egyptian?
Your ugly physz declares you one or other.

ARPONE.

Talk you of ugliness,
Pray look at home.

ZERBINO.

D'ye mean t'affront me, clown.

C 2

ARP

THE COQUET.

ARPONE.

Away, you butterfly with wings just grown,

DUET.

ZERB. You are rude, fir.

ARP. You intrude, fir.

ZERB. Clown, I despise thee.

ARP. Fop, I advise thee—

Go!—

ZERB. No,—

Both { I'll revenge each saucy word;
Tremble { ^{Clown}_{Fop} } behold my sword.

ZERB. Follow me, fir,

You shall see, fir,

How such paltry clowns I serve!

ARP. With me go, fir,

You shall know, fir,

What such saucy fops deserve!

RECITATIVE.

ROSALBA.

What means this noise within my doors!

Where's the respect I told you to observe?

ZER.

THE COQUET.

13

ZERBINO.

Adorable; 'twas to amuse your friend.

ARPONE.

Unparallel'd insolence!— remember, sir,
Another opportunity will come.

ZERBINO.

The gentleman I see's a little boist'rous;
Mind him not, madam, he will cool in time.

ROSALBA.

Come, come; I must insist you will be friends.

ZERBINO.

Your dictates I obey, Here is my hand.

ARPONE.

Since you command, I'll say no more. Here's
mine.

BETTINA to BIRBONE.

Stay here, I'll shew your present to my mistress.
Oh, ma'am, look here, see what a pretty snuff-box
Birbone has giv'n me. (He's a charming fellow).

ROS-

THE COQUET.

ROSALBA.

Signor Zerbino, you have taught your servant
To imitate your exquisite politeness.
See what a present he has made my maid.
Honour her box by taking of a pinch.

ZERBINO.

Pretty, indeed!

[Takes snuff.]

ROSALBA.

Come, Signor Arpone, will you?

ARPONE.

With all my heart

[Takes a pinch.]

ROSALBA.

Well gentlemen, you'll dine with me to day,
We'll settle all these matters in dispute,
To mutual satisfaction, I don't doubt.

QUARTETTO.

ARP. Walk in pray, fir—

ZERB. By no means, fir.—

ROS. Walk in pray, fir—

Nay fir, nay fir.

ZERB.

ARP.

BETT.

} Bless you, madam!

Ros-

THE COQUET. 15

ROS. Thank ye— hey day. [Sneezes.

ARP. Ah, poor creature !

ZERB. Pretty angel ! [Sneezes.

ARP. Pretty Lady !

Can I help ye ? [Sneezes.

ZERB. Can I—— [Sneezes.

ROS. O support me [All sneeze.

BETT. My poor lady. [Sneezes.

All. { Filthy snuff 'tis very teasing ;
I shall kill myself with sneezing.

ZERB. Now, my dear, I hope 'tis over.

ARP. Oh, my head will ne'er recover !

ROS. Bring some water quick, I pray.

ZERB. I will go— [Sneezes.

ARP. I will go— [Sneezes.

ROS. Oh! my head, 'twill distract me— [Sneezes.

BETT. My poor lady,— 'twill distract her—

ZERB. Is it over ?

ROS. So I think.

ARP. Are you better ?

ROS. Pretty well.

All. Let us now in pleasure join,
And cheer our hearts with generous wine.

END of the FIRST PART:

THE COULT

17
[Faint, mostly illegible text, possibly a list or index, with some words like "Name", "Address", and "Occupation" visible.]

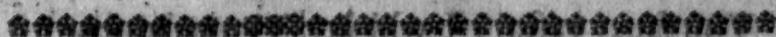
THE FIRST PART



THE
COQUET.



PART the SECOND.



RECITATIVE.

ARFONE.

SURELY I am the greatest fool on earth.
Scorn'd by my love—insulted by a fop—
And must I patiently submit?—
O, tyrant Love!—Here comes the wretch I scorn.

ZERBINO.

Take care, Birbone, when you get an answer
To bring it privately to me:

D

Let

Let none have insight into my amours.
These jewels must prevail and I'll enroll her.

[Writes.

ARPONE.

Ridiculous, absurd, conceited fool!

ZERBINO.

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!

ARPONE.

Intolerable—insupportable —— (to Birb.) D'ye
sneer,

You faucy rascal? I will break your bones.
You imitate your master's insolence;
Take that, 'tis a reward for impudence.
I fear she likes that vain conceited fool,
I'll not submit to be a woman's tool.

A I R.

His rudeness I'll punish, his insult retort;
No pert faucy coxcomb shall make me his
sport.

My deep rooted passion her slights soon will
cure,

Such scorn and contempt I'll no longer en-
dure.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

ROSALBA.

Fortune I fear'd, had ne'er again decreed
I should receive another visit from you.

ZERBINO.

With due submission suffer me, sweet cherub,
To pay this humble off'ring at your shrine.

ROSALBA.

O, fir, your generosity is boundless!
What's here, a bracelet? charming! This I'll wear.
Come here, Bettina; lock this casket up.

ZERBINO.

Each others chains reciprocal we'll wear.
Now say, bright seraph, say, when shall appear
Hymen, *with saffron robe and taper clear?*

ROSALBA.

On wedlock's dangerous rock will you dare venture?

ZERBINO.

Celestial star, in you my wishes center.

D 2 . S O N G.

THE COQUET.

SONG.

Fairest object of creation,
 'Tis for you alone I sigh;
 O reward my ardent passion,
 Nor with scorn my suit deny.

View me prostrate and adoring,
 Lovely goddess, at your shrine;
 Hoping, wishing and imploring
 For a glance from eyes divine.

RECITATIVE.

ROSALBA.

He's certainly the flower of politeness.

BETTINA.

Ma'am, Signor Arpone, is come.

ROSALBA.

Wait on him in. Now will I manage him.

ARPONE.

My true affection, madam, is so rooted,
 That 'tis impossible to live without you;
 And matrimony are the terms I offer.

Ro.
 O.

ROSALBA.

I must confess they're very honourable.
 You ask'd me, sir, a little while since,
 T'instruct you in the art of making love;
 I've leisure now to do it—mark me well.
 A lover should be always gay and lively,
 Lavish in the praises of his mistress,
 Smile when she smiles, and never contradict her;
 But above all be gen'rous to excess,
 And never fail to make her constant presents;
 Gallant her constantly from place to place;
 Ne'er think of faults, or giving her controul;
 His eyes be shut, his purse be always open.
 Follow these rules and you can't fail success.

ARPONE.

I find your love is founded on your interest.

ROSALBA.

No, no, that's a mistake of yours.
 Come, I've another lesson for you yet,
 Which will quite compleat you. Give me your
 hat.

SONG

SONG.

At your entrance—first you bow,
 With suppliant easy air ;
 One step farther—just so :
 You must thus approach the fair ;
 When permitted to come nigh,
 Thus salute her—then a sigh !

With languishing eyes
 Must stare in her face,
 Some valuable toys
 Present with good grace,
 Beseech her acceptance,
 Ne'er mind her reluctance,
 Ah ! thus sighing address the fair.

In beholding those eyes—that figure,
 Ev'ry sense is absorb'd in pleasure ;
 What emotions, what tumult within ?
 What confusion ? what can all this mean ?
 Confus'd in your looks you must then appear,
 Look stern at her eyes, approach very near,
 Take hold of her hand you'll certainly please,
 With ardour you kiss, and fall on your knees,
 My angel, I languish,
 With torture, and anguish,
 Ah ! for you alone I die.

ARR-

THE COQUET.

23

RECITATIVE.

ARPONE.

This doctrine and behaviour's new to me,
I doubt I cannot follow her instructions;
But I must try—yes—no—it is impossible—
All my attempts, I fear, will prove in vain,
Yet I'm so smitten that I can't refrain.
Mistress Bettina, pray one word with you.

BETTINA.

With me, good sir, pray what are your commands?

ARPONE.

Tell me, what does your Lady think of me?
May I expect success?

BETTINA.

In what way, sir?

ARPONE.

Now tell me truly, do you think she loves me?

BETTINA.

Her thoughts of you are fav'able I'm sure,
I've heard her say, if you was generous

She

She could prefer you to all other men.
My lady, sir, and I, hate flinginess!

ARPONE.

O! I'll be very generous to both;
Take this—if I succeed I'll give you more,
Tell her—how much I love her and adore,
Tell her—without her I cannot live long,
Tell her—e'en what you please, you can't be wrong.

S O N G.

When her charming face admiring,
All in pleasure am I lost
Doating, wishing, and desiring,
How my am'rous soul is tost.
Up and down my blood is jumping,
Fierce it burns in ev'ry vein;
Then it sets my heart a thumping,
Till I can't support the pain.

R E C I T A T I V E.

BETTINA.

Ha! ha! ha!
The fool is worked up to a proper pitch,
How little does he know of female wiles;
Signor Zerbino too—I can't help laughing.

He's

THE COQUET. 25

He's certain, sure, that he has gain'd her heart.
 They're blind indeed that cannot see her art.
 I've learnt my lesson, and will play my part. }

A I R.

'Tis by subtle arts decoying,
 By an ogling leer or smile,
 And such flatt'ring baits employing,
 We enamour'd hearts beguile ;
 And can make their purse our prize,
 By our well-timed tears and sighs.

R E C I T A T I V E.

ROSALBA.

Now let me canvas o'er my stock of lovers ;
 Here's two, that vow they will die at my feet,
 But I dislike them both—an empty sop
 A downright clown—I will get all I can,
 Then send them packing, and decoy some more.

ZERBINO.

Excuse, my simp'ring angel, this intrusion ;
 I could no longer rob you of my presence.

ROSALBA,

You are obliging, sir——

E

ZER.

ZERBINO.

I came to tell you ev'ry thing is ready
Against to morrow for our wedding.

ROSALBA.

You're too precipitate——

ZERBINO.

O, strike me comical,
I could not bear to keep you in suspense.

ROSALBA.

Conceited coxcomb.

[*aside.*]

ZERBINO.

I thought she could not long withstand my charms.

[*aside.*]

ROSALBA.

Tho' your attractions, sir, are powerful
I cannot yet resolve——I'll think about it.

ZERBINO.

How we shall laugh at Signor Arpone ;
The clown supposed the treasure in his reach.

Ros-

THE COQUET.

27

ROSALBA.

There are some others will be disappointed

ZERBINO.

To-morrow then, my angel, you'll be mine.

ROSALBA.

I say nothing to that; the wish is thine.

D U E T T O.

Ros. Have patience, fir, believe me,
I cannot name the day;

ZERB. From racking torture ease me,
O! why this long delay?

Ros. D'ye really mean it so?

ZERB. I really mean it so.

Ros. I can't comply;

ZERB. But tell me why?

Ros. Because I love to teaze you.

ZERB. And I delight to please you.

Both. I know you joke with me.

Ros. And will you really love me

ZERB. I will.

Ros. And will forever please me?

ZERB. I will.

Ro-

ROS. And yet, I can't comply,

ZERB. How now! pray tell me why?

ROS. How much I love to teaze you!

ZERB. How much I love to please you!

Both. I know, you joke with me.

RECITATIVE.

BETTINA.

Ma'am, Signor Arpone is come again.

ROSALBA.

Then shew him in. Now we will have some sport.

ARPONE.

I hope I have improved by your lesson.

These trifles, madam, will convince you of it.

ROSALBA.

I thought you'd prove an apt and ready scholar.

ARPONE.

And may I now expect to be made happy?

ROSALBA.

Can you suppose I could deny you, sir?

Such bright attractions merit ev'ry favour.

E 2

ZER-

ZERBINO.

O strike me comical—sure I shall burst—
Yes—these are very pretty compliments.

ARPONE.

Now my dear I shall have full revenge
On that conceited, silly, empty coxcomb—
He's nothing but froth, flash and nonsense.

ROSALBA.

I have already given him his discharge.

ARPONE.

How he'll be disappointed—now I'm happy.

ROSALBA.

How readily the gudgeon takes the bait [*aside*.
Signor Zerbino, would you think he dreams
That he has gain'd my heart—but 'tis too late.

ZERBINO.

And so it is my dove—look at the monster.

ARPONE.

You are a figure so ridiculous
I can't refrain from laughing at you. ha! ha!

Ro-

THE COQUET.

ROSALBA.

You're both so comical that I must laugh. Ha, ha.

ZERBINO.

And so you thought to have gain'd this lady?

ARPONE.

And you were sure of conquest; you enrolled her?

ZERBINO.

There's some who laugh to day may weep hereafter.

ROSALBA.

'Tis very true; you both excite my laughter.

QUARTETTO.

ROS. Now pray, firs, to order.

ARP. The fop there is crazy.

ZERB. I'm happy, and easy.

BETT. They seem in disorder.

ROS. They are so foolish, my laughter

I cannot refrain; ha, ha, ha. [*laughs*.

ZERB. How he will rue hereafter.

I cannot refrain; ha, ha, ha, [*laughs*.

BETT. They're too merry by half.

ARP. I will join in the laugh. ha, ha, ha. [*laughs*.

Ros-

THE COQUET.

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ROS. Well I vow, this is pleasing.

ARP. Has the coxcomb done teasing?

ZERB. She will lead you a dance, fir.

ARP. Madam give him his answer.

{ What a bustle, what a rout.

All. { When ^{my} her real intents come out,

ha, ha, ha,

ZERB. Pray discard that filly clown

ROS. My designs I'll soon make known.

ZERB. { Now ^{Clown} will you be gone?
ARP. { Fop

ROS. Farewell, adieu.

ZERB. { ————— how so?

ARP. { Determine e're you go,

ZERB. To morrow? ———

ROS. ————— adieu.

ZERB. You'll marry? ———

ROS. ————— not you.

ZERB. To him then? ———

ROS. ————— no, no.

ARP. To him then? ———

ROS. ————— no, no.

I'll neither marry you, nor you.

ZERB. { Oh; I'm bubb'd, oh! I'm cheated;

ARP. { Ah! my schemes are all defeated;

All.

All. { By ^{my} ^{her} skilful cunning art
 First I promis'd them to marry,
 Then dissembling made them tarry
 Well I think I play'd my part.

BETT. See how foolish they look?

ZERB. } By Jove I'm forsook.
 ARP. }

Ros. Now I hope you're pleased,
 Since both I've released.

ZERB. { Dearest angel ease my pain!

ARP. { Such a loss I can't sustain.

Ros. What I said you'll find too true;
 I'll neither have you, nor you.

ZERB. Since my rival is rejected,
 I'm easy, and satisfied.

ARP. Since the coxcomb is neglected,
 I'm glad he's mortified.

Ros. Since you're pleased about the matter,
 Join with me in mirth and laughter.

All. We will join in mirth and laughter.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.

